Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine asleepe in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter: with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband, & yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben: And I were so apt to quarel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you wil giue me occasion.

Mercut. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Ti. *Mercutio* thou consortest with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort, what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords, heeres my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds consort.

Ben. VVe talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. VVell peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore fare well I see thou knowest me not.

Ti. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission: